



The Country Lass.

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I AM a brisk and bonny lass, that's free from
care and strife, (try life,
And sweetly does my hours pass, I love a coun-
At wake, or fair, I oft am there, where pleasure
is to be seen, (queen.
Tho' poor I am contented and happy as a

I rise in the morning my labour to pursue,
And with my yoke and milk-pails I tread the
morning dew. (that nature yields,
My cows I milk, and there I taste the sweets
The lark she soars to welcome me into the
flowery fields.

And when the meadows they are mown, a part
I then must take, (to make;
And with the other village maids I go the hay
Where friendship, love, and harmony, amongst
us there is seen. (on the green.
The swains invite the village maids to dance up-

Then in the time of harvest how cheerfully we
go, (scythes to mow;
Some with hooks and sickles, and some with
And when the corn is safe from harm, we have
not far to roam, (vest home.
But all await to celebrate and welcome har-

In winter, when the cattle are foddered with
straw, (cream to thaw,
The cock doth crow to wake me, my icy
The western winds may whistle, and northern
winds may blow, (lass doth know.
Tis health and sweet contentment, the country

So in winter or, in summer we're never taught
to grieve, (will relieve,
In time of need each other their neighbour
So still I think a country life all others does
surpass,
I sit me down contented, a happy country lass.